

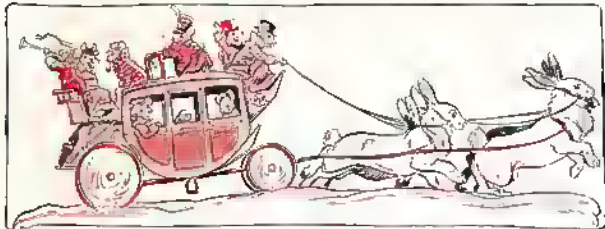
Santa Claus FUNNIES

W. DEAN
10¢
MAGAZINE
NO. 175





**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



*Oh, it's fun to be traveling at Christmas.
There's a wonderful lot of good will —*

*And a sort of a general excitement
That warms you in spite of the chill.*



*It's a time of the year to be merry.
To meet others as merry as you.*

*To be helpful and smiling and generous.
These are days that we number too few.*



*It's a time when you're glad you can travel
No matter how far you may roam —*

*For this time you know that your journey
Is taking you all the way home.*

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A LETTER TO SANTA

Story by O. Lebeck
Pictures by M. Gollub



Christmas was still many months off but Santa was already very busy.



The mail from all over the world was coming in and Santa spent a good deal of his time at his desk.

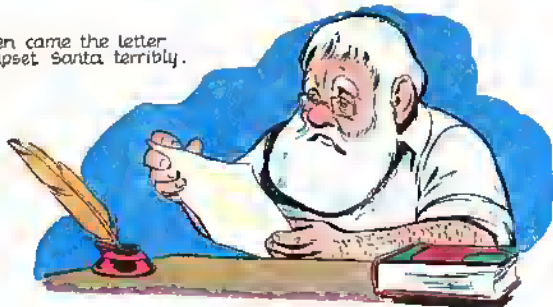


Most of the letters were brief and to the point. "Dear Santa, I want a bicycle for Christmas. Jonny Jones."



Some letters were hard to read and Santa had a hard time making them out. Some he just couldn't read at all.

But then came the letter
which upset Santa terribly.



DEAR, DEAR, SANTA

WE ARE IN BAD SHAPE, MATILDA
DOLL AND I. ONE OF HER ARMS IS OFF
AND SHE IS GETTING BALD. I AM NOT MUCH
OF A BEAR ANY MORE EITHER. ONE EAR IS
GONE AND THE STUFFING IS ALL WRONG.
IT IS ALL ON THE BOTTOM. I CAN HARDLY
WALK. MOST OF THE TIME WE ARE IN A
DARK BOX. I THOUGHT I'D LET YOU KNOW
HOW WE'RE DOING SINCE YOU LEFT US
HERE LAST CHRISTMAS. MISTAKES WILL
HAPPEN, BUT PLEASE, SANTA, BE MORE
CAREFUL AND DON'T SEND ANYBODY TO
THIS HOUSE NEXT CHRISTMAS. THE
CHILDREN ARE AWFUL.

YOUR TEDDY

P.S. COULD YOU FIX UP MATILDA AND
ME AS A CHRISTMAS PRESENT ?

THERE'S A PUPPY HERE. HE HAS
A BAD TIME TOO. CAN YOU GIVE HIM
SOME DOG COOKIES AND A PIECE OF
FLEA SOAP ?



Santa was very distressed when he finished reading the letter.



'Poor, poor little things,' he muttered, 'of course I'll help you right away, but first I'll have to attend to something else.'



Santa checked the address of the letter with his huge ledger. 'Here it is,' he said, as he found the name in the book.



'We took his pen and struck out the name.' 'No more toys or gifts until further notice,' he wrote, on the margin.



Then Santa got busy writing some important letters. When he was finished, he called one of his most trusted helpers.



'Trundle, my good fellow. I have a most important mission for you,' said Santa.



Then he gave the little gnome all the necessary instructions and told him to hurry.



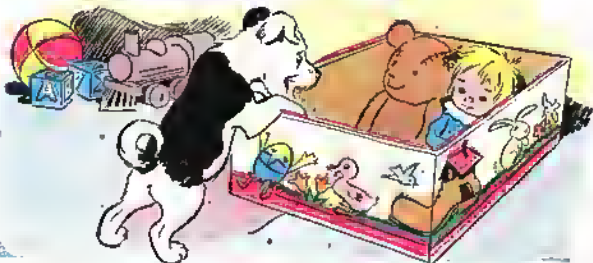
"You can use Biltzen," he said. "He is the fastest of my reindeers. Now don't fail me and don't lose the letters."



Brundle hurried to the stable. A few minutes later he rode up in the sky on the back of the fleet-footed Biltzen.



While all this was going on, Teddy and Matilda sat in their dark box trying to cheer each other up.



There was very little the two could be cheerful about. The only times they felt a little happier were when Blackie paid them a visit.



Teddy and Matilda were dozing when they heard a rap on the box.



Poking their heads out of the box, they saw Trundle, the little gnome, standing before them.



"Santa sent me," said Trundle. "I am coming to take you away from here."



"You see, Matilda," cried Teddy, "Santa did get my letter."



Teddy and Matilda were terribly excited. They laughed and cried while Trundle went to fetch Blackie.



Blackie was very sleepy because it was the middle of the night. He could hardly keep his eyes open.



With Trundle in the lead all four of them tiptoed through the house.



Teddy had a hard time keeping up because his feet were so swollen from the sawdust stuffing.



Matilda had wound a kerchief around her head to hide her baldness and she held her empty sleeve so that one could not see the missing arm.



Blackie, sleepy as he was, bumped into things. He whined and Trundle picked him up and carried him the rest of the way.



Outside of the house stood Blitzen waiting for them. He knelt down to let them climb on his back.



Up in the air and over the house tops they flew, Blackie in Trundle's lap, Jeddy and Matilda hanging on to Trundle to keep from falling off.



The ride was a short one. Blitzen, guided by Trundle, came down in front of a house.



The sign on the house said, ANIMAL HOSPITAL.



Trundle put Blackie down in front of the door and was about to ring the bell.



"Wait a minute," shouted Jeddy, "I'm an animal too!" Trundle laughed. "Yes, but you're a stuffed animal, you come under the classification of toys."



Jeany didn't know what classification meant, but he kept quiet. The door opened and Trundle presented his letters.



The man read the letter and smiled. He took Blackie inside after waving a friendly good-bye.



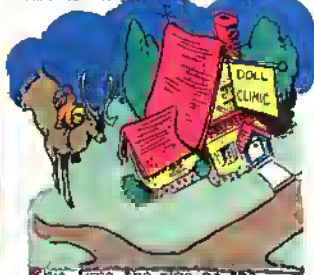
'Are we going to see Blackie again?' asked Jeany. 'He is our friend, you know.'



'Of course you will,' said Trundle. 'It is all in the letters. Santa has it all fixed up.'



Up through the sky they went and down again.



This time the sign on the house said DOLL CLINIC.



"Trundle helped Jeddy and Matilda down. 'Here we are,' he said."



"What's a Doll Clinic?" whispered Jeddy. "I don't know," whispered Matilda.



"Trundle rang the bell and held his letter ready."



"A kind-faced woman opened the door and looked at them in surprise."



"She, too, smiled after reading the letter. She picked up Matilda and Jeddy and nodded to Trundle."



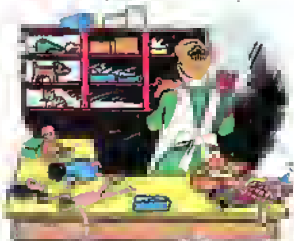
"She said, 'Please tell Santa that we are glad to take care of everything.'"



Then the woman closed the door and carried Matilda and Teddy inside.



Matilda and Teddy, of course, could not understand human speech. After all they were toys.



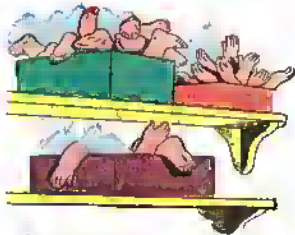
So they were a bit frightened at first, being left in this strange house.



The woman put them on a shelf and left the room.



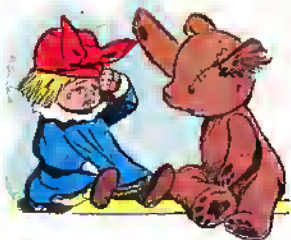
From a shelf across the room hundreds of dolls' heads stared at them.



On another shelf stood boxes full of arms and legs.



Matilda burst out crying, "Mr. Trundle has sold us to be cut up into pieces," she sobbed,



Teddy gulped, "Oh no, Matilda, he couldn't. Santa Claus sent him, remember?"



"But suppose your letter got into wrong hands and Santa never saw it?" said Matilda.



Teddy tried not to think of it and used all his courage to comfort Matilda.



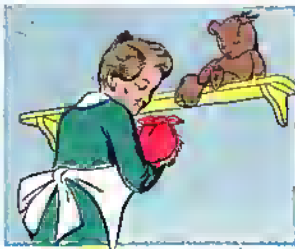
Finally Matilda cried herself to sleep in Teddy's arms.



Teddy didn't want to fall asleep because he wanted to protect Matilda.



But at last he also got so sleepy he just could not keep his eyes open any longer.



The two slept peacefully unaware of all the things that happened to them in the meanwhile.



They didn't know that they were picked up.



Nor did they feel a thing when busy hands worked on them.



They still slept when they were put into a box and a messenger came to take them away.



The messenger brought them to a white house inside a lovely garden.

It was a home for convalescent children--children who had been very sick but now were on the way to getting well again.



The children were sitting around in a circle in the garden.



Blackie the pup was in the middle showing off. He was sitting up--at least he was trying to.



Blackie looked beautiful. He was clean and brushed and he had a big red ribbon tied to his shiny collar.



The children shouted and laughed and everyone wanted to pet Blackie.



The messenger stepped up to the circle of the laughing children.



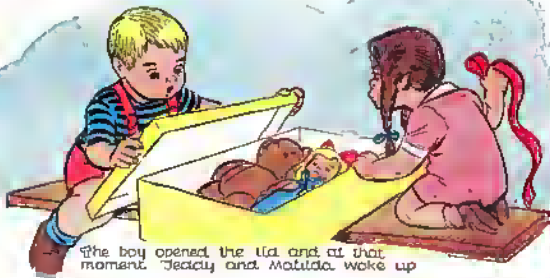
We went to a little boy and a little girl who sat together.



They were brother and sister and had been awfully sick. Their parents were very poor and had never been able to buy toys.



The messenger put the box between them and told them to open it.



The boy opened the lid and at that moment Teddy and Matilda woke up



They were so surprised they could not believe their own eyes.



The little boy took Teddy in his arms.



The little girl clutched Matilda and hugged her.



Blackie came romping over and barked excitedly.



Everybody admired Matilda and Teddy. 'Look at her beautiful blond hair. Isn't she lovely?' they said. 'And isn't that Teddy Bear the cutest thing you ever saw?'.



Matilda looked at herself she had two arms just as she had last Christmas. She felt her long blond curls. They were as soft as silk.

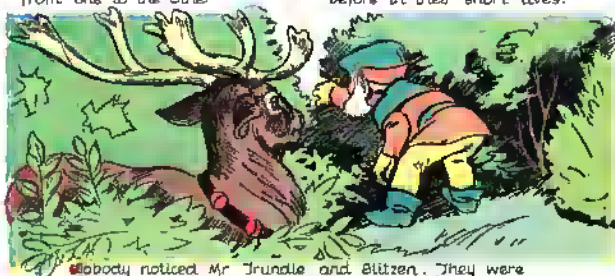


Jeddy touched his round little body. Every bit of stuffing was just in the right place.



He reached up and felt his head. He had two ears. Jeddy grinned from one to the other.

Both Matilda and Jeddy felt happier than they ever had before in their short lives.



Nobody noticed Mr Trundle and Blitzen. They were hidden in a bush and watched everything.



Trundle was happy too because he knew he had carried out Santa's wishes well.



He mounted Blitzen and at his word, Blitzen shot out of the bushes and up in the air.



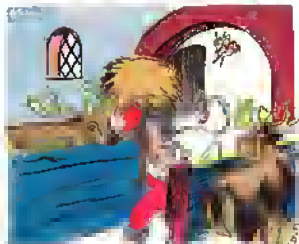
The children heard the noise and



Blitzen was so fast they could not make out what it was, but they heard the tinkling bells of his harness.



Trundle and Blitzen made straight for the North Pole.



Santa was just feeding his reindeer when Trundle and Blitzen appeared in the sky above.



Blitzen was very hungry and quickly joined the other reindeer.



Trundle reported to Santa and told him exactly how he had carried out his orders.



Santa listened carefully and as he heard the story his face became brighter and brighter.



At the last word he laughed merrily and clapped Trundle on the back. 'Ho, ho, Trundle! Well done! Well done! Now I can sleep in peace, for I want my charges to be happy and content so that they love their good old Santa.'



For the next few months Santa was very, very, busy. Time was getting short.



And soon came the day he went off on his trip. His sleigh loaded with presents.



One of his first stops was the house in which the children lived who now owned Teddy and Matilda.

The children were sleeping. They were now healthy and well.



Santa came out of the fireplace and almost tripped over Blackie.



Blackie was sleeping in a basket. Santa put a big box of dog cookies next to him and a rubber bone.



Then, he tiptoed into the bedroom of the children.



There he found Jeddy snuggled up to the sleeping boy.



And Matilda in the arms of the sleeping little girl.



Santa stooped over and lifted Jeddy and Matilda out of the children's arms.



'Are you happy, you two?' whispered Santa. 'Are the children good?'



'Oh, they are wonderful, Santa,' said Teddy. 'Thank you for all you've done,' whispered Matilda.



'Well, that is fine,' said Santa. 'In that case I'll leave a great big bundle of presents for them.'



'But no teddy bear!' pleaded Teddy. 'No!' laughed Santa, 'no teddy bear, but a baby doll. How's that Matilda?'



'Oh, that's wonderful,' cried Matilda happily. Santa left a great many packages under the tree with Matilda and Teddy sitting among them to watch till the morning. Then Santa went on his way to bring a Merry, Merry Christmas to all the rest of the world.



Santa's Mistake

If there is one person in the whole wide world whom you'd never believe could make a mistake about anything, it would be old Father Christmas—Santa Claus himself. You'd certainly expect him to be able to keep things straight, but there was just one time that he didn't. Of course it wasn't his fault but he didn't just the same.

Now it all came about like this

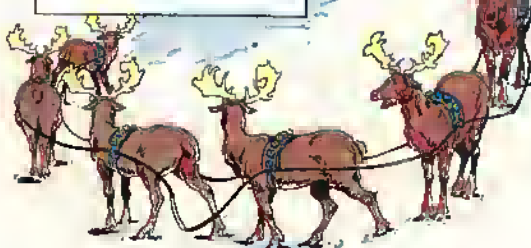
It had been a very busy





Christmas Eve. It seemed to Santa that the children of the world had just multiplied by ten over the previous year. There were many toys to pack and load on the sleigh and Santa and his helpers had worked nearly all the previous night. Everyone was tired, and in particular one little helper named Snoozle.

Just before supper on Christmas Eve, Snoozle could not stay awake any longer he was that sleepy. So, when no one was looking Snoozle just crept over into a nice big doll box and went sound asleep. And Snoozle was a sound sleeper, for he never felt the box being loaded on the sleigh nor did he hear anything as Santa drove off with a Merry






Christmas and started on his rounds.

Of course it was quite cold outside but that didn't bother Snoozle any for the nice warm excelsior in the doll box kept him comfortable and the gentle bobbing rhythm of the sleigh as it sped through the sky just lulled him into a deeper sleep. In fact Snoozle didn't even feel it when at last Santa lifted the box in which he was sleeping and took it down a large red chimney along with quite a few other toys—well he did sort of feel things moving around some but he just pulled the excelsior a little tighter and went right on sleeping away.

It was very quiet in the big living room as Santa stepped



out of the fireplace and looked around. The stockings hung quietly on the mantelpiece, a gaily dressed tree stood nearby and over on a little table a candle burned brightly away. "Quiet as a church," said Sonto to himself and then he stopped, for he heard a gentle buzzing sound quite nearby. "Must be the father snoring," he smiled but no—he stopped for the sound seemed much nearer. He listened again. There it was—and coming right out of his bag! One of the mechanical toys perhaps—but again no, for he remembered that he had no mechanical toys for this house—then what? Well, you know what it was, don't you? It was Snoozle and he was snoring!



Of course Santa didn't know that though and his hands trembled just a little as he cautiously lifted the doll box out of his bag. "What can this be?" wondered Santa and he had hesitated before he untied the big red ribbon and then as he lifted the box top, he stepped back a little, for there was Snoozle—snoozling away.

Well Santa had to smile and then try as he would not, he had to laugh. "Why Snoozle," he called in a loud whisper and as Snoozle stared around him in a startled sleepy fashion, Santa had to laugh again. "You rascal," said Santa, "you should be home at the pole asleep."

"I—I—couldn't help it,"





murmured the sleepy Snoozle. "Of course you couldn't," whispered Santa and then he stopped again, for there in the doorway stood the father of house.

"Why Santa," whispered the father, "I'm sorry I thought—" "I know," whispered Santa, "you thought I was a burglar. Well, I'm sorry, friend, that I had to wake you—but well, I've made a little mistake tonight," and then taking Snoozle's hand he climbed into the chimney and was off.

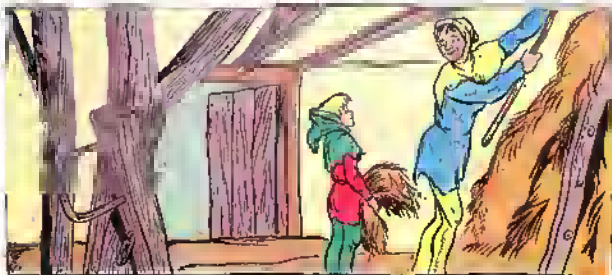
Well, they still call Snoozle "Santa's mistake" up at the pole and he always laughs at it. But, there's one thing Snoozle never does—he never sleeps in doll boxes any more.



At Christmas Time



At Christmas time the wind is chill—and snowdrifts cap each distant hill.



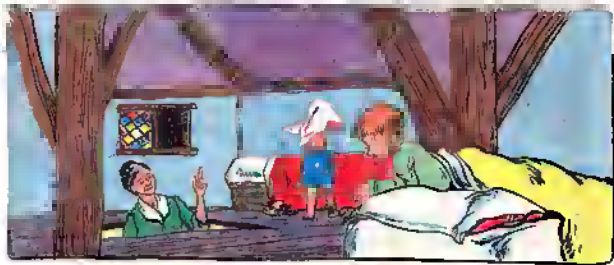
And Jonathan's nose is brightly red, as in the stable cows are fed.



But in the house there rules good cheer, and at the hearth pots cook does peer.



The spirit of the time is bright, and merry minstrels cheer the night.



Now early to their cotlets waken go the little tots.



And all are happy now because we are awaiting Santa Claus.

The Great THREE-FLAVORED Blizzard



My sakes, Easter Bunny—
you're working early!

Early?



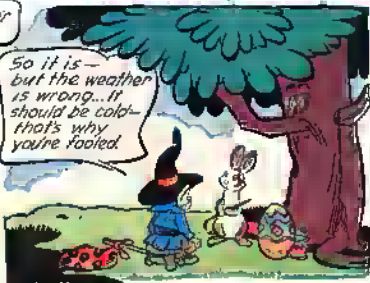
Yes! After all, it's
just a few days
before Christmas,
and you're getting
ready for
Easter.



Christmas!? With weather
like this? Why, it's just
like Spring!



So it is—
but the weather
is wrong... It
should be cold—
that's why
you're fooled.



You mean it's really Winter?
I thought it must be Spring—
now what will
I do with this
Easter egg?



Pack it up and bring it
along to Santa Claus...
I'm going to see
him anyway.



That's
a good
idea—a
present
for Santa!

Yes, he seldom gets
one—especially an
Easter egg at
Christmas.

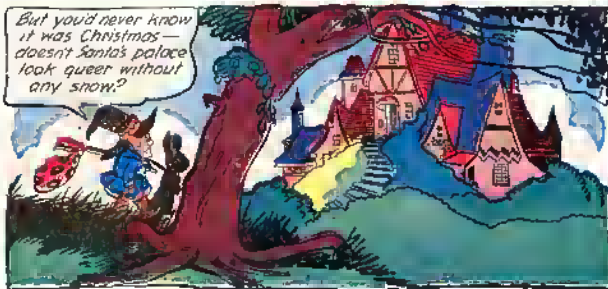
Why are
you going
to see Santa,
Mr. Gnome?



My name is
Fuzzychin—I
always help Santa
at Christmas time.



But you'd never know
it was Christmas—
doesn't Santa's palace
look queer without
any snow?





Yes, Fuzzychin—but how will Santa deliver toys and gifts in his sleigh? He'll need snow, won't he?



That's right, Easter Bunny! Let's hurry, maybe Santa will need our help—this is an emergency!



Puff! This is a long flight of steps!

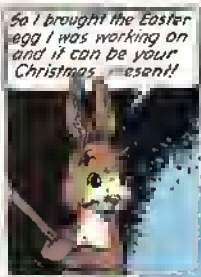
Phew! Not built for folks our size!



I'm glad the doorbell isn't any higher.



The doorbell! Maybe it's the messenger coming back from the weatherman.



Couldnt Easter Bunny and I go to the weatherman and find out the trouble?

I sent Twinkle the elf to find out—but he hasn't come back.

Come on, Easter Bunny, we'll go find out what happened.

Right

Do you know where the weatherman lives?

Sure!

It isn't too far.

There's the place. the door's open...

My—it looks like nobody's home.

Not a sound and not
a soul in sight—the
place is deserted!

Look!
There's why
we're having
hot weather.

It's the
machine that
regulates the
weather—it's set
for Summer!

Oomph! It
won't budge—
it's stuck!

Here, here!
Stop that!
We're trying to
fix the machine.

The Weather-
man!

Yes! The season
machine is stuck
and Twinkle
the elf and
I have just
about finished
repairing it.

Oh, that's fine!
Then we *will*
have snow for
Christmas!

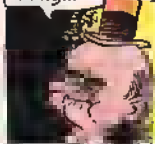
Humph!
Not so
fast!



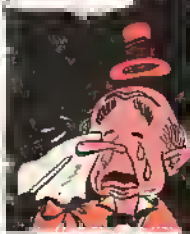
See, here's the machine that makes the snow. It mixes up the materials and pumps the clouds full of snow.



Then, followed by dozens of others, it would float out over the world and deposit snow on hill and dale—except for one thing...



We haven't any materials to make snow with.



Pull yourself together Weatherman—Christmas is Christmas even without snow.



It's not-everybody will blame me again—and besides, I like to watch Moe bat the clouds out the window. It makes such a nice, squishy noise.

There—there...

Just think of
all the children
who will get
sleds.

Golly— are
you upset too,
Twinkle?

Of course he's upset— think of the
children who will get snow
shovels—

And sleigh bells—



And snowshoes—
and skis—

And snow plows
and toboggans
and—

Goodness, Easter Bunny,
this is serious!
We'd better do
something.

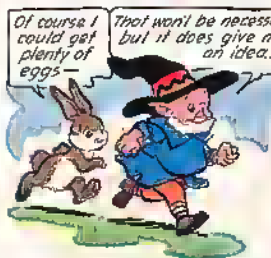
But where
can we
get the things
to mix snow?

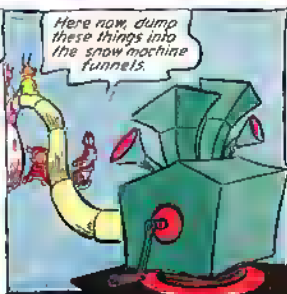
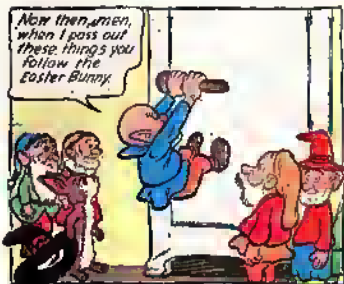


Of course I
could get
plenty of
eggs—

That won't be necessary—
but it does give me
an idea...

We'll go right to
Santa's icebox— and
with the gnomes to
help us we'll solve
the problem in
no time.









Let's Make Puppets



TAKE A CARDBOARD CYLINDER -- OR MAKE A CYLINDER BY PASTING A PIECE OF STRONG CONSTRUCTION PAPER ABOUT THE LENGTH OF YOUR FINGER. COVER THE WHOLE TOP WITH COTTON - BUILDING A BALL FOR THE HEAD.



MAKE A PASTE OF FLOUR AND WATER AND HEAT ON THE STOVE OVER A LOW FLAME UNTIL IT IS THE THICKNESS OF MAYONNAISE. ALLOW TO COOL. WHILE COOLING, CUT LOTS OF NEWSPAPER INTO STRIPS ABOUT 1/4 INCH WIDE. DIP THESE STRIPS INTO THE PASTE AND WRAP AROUND THE COTTON HEAD, BUILDING OUT AROUND THE 'SHOULDER'. ALLOW TO THOROUGHLY DRY.



NOW TAKE WHITE POSTER PAINT AND ADD A DROP OF RED AND A DROP OF YELLOW ALTERNATELY UNTIL YOU ACHIEVE A FLESH TONE. DRAW THE FACES ON. THE HEADS LIGHTLY WITH PENCIL, COPYING THE FACES ON THESE PAGES. NOTICE THE EYES 1/2 WAY BETWEEN TOP AND BOTTOM OF THE HEAD. NOW CAREFULLY PAINT THE FACES. SANTA'S EYEBROWS AND MUSTACHE ARE PAINTED. THE BEARD WE WILL PASTE ON.





TO MAKE THE WIGS AND SANTA'S BEARD, TAKE YARN IN THE PROPER COLOR. WRAP 80 TIMES AROUND A BOOK, RUNNING UP AND DOWN TO DISTRIBUTE IT EVENLY. THEN SEW UP ONE SIDE SECURELY AND CUT THE OTHER. YOU THEN HAVE A SHAPE AS IN FIGURE B. NOW PASTE THIS ON THE HEADS FOR HAIR AND CUT WITH THE SCISSORS SHORT FOR SANTA, LONG FOR THE LITTLE GIRL. SANTA'S BEARD IS MADE BY FOLDING AN EXTRA WIG OVER STRING AND TYING AROUND HEAD SECURING WITH PASTE, THEN SHAPING WITH SCISSORS.



THE GOWNS OF THE GIRL AND THE WICKED STEPMOTHER ARE MADE AS IN FIGURE D. HANDS ARE CUT OUT OF FELT AND PINNED IN PLACE. THEN THE DRESS IS SEWED ALL AROUND AND THE THREAD PULLED TIGHTLY AROUND THE NECK TO HOLD IT ON. SANTA AND THE LITTLE BOY HAVE FELT FEET SEWED IN THE SAME WAY AS THE HANDS. THEY HAVE A CUT UP THE BACK OF THE COSTUMES WHERE YOU PUT YOUR HAND TO WORK THEM.



THE STAGE CAN BE MADE OF HEAVY CARDBOARD OR PLYWOOD. A SQUARE IS CUT NEAR THE TOP FOR THE STAGE PART. CURTAINS ARE TACKED ON AND DRAWN BACK FOR EACH ACT. IF YOU PREFER-- A WINDOW OR A DOORWAY WITH CURTAINS STRETCHED ACROSS CAN BE USED WITH THE AUDIENCE SITTING ON CHAIRS IN FRONT.



THE WICKED STEPMOTHER HAS DARK GREY HAIR AND A BIG ROUND GREEN NOSE. TINY TINKLE HAS A FUNNY CAP WITH A BELL ON IT. SEW A FEW BELLS ON HIS SUIT AROUND THE NECK AND SLEEVES OR MAYBE UP THE FRONT. TRIM SANTA'S SUIT WITH WHITE COTTON. THE LITTLE BOY CAN HAVE A TIE MADE OF RIBBON. THE LITTLE GIRL AN APRON.

a Christmas Play

in three acts with two scenes

Prologue
by Tiny Tinkle



"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE ASKED YOU TODAY TO COME TO OUR THEATRE AND WITNESS A PLAY. OUR STORY TAKES PLACE IN THE MIDWINTER COLD-- OUR CHARACTERS ARE BOTH YOUNG AND OLD.

THE TWINS--LITTLE CHILDREN, SO FRIGHTENED AND SMALL AND THE STEPMOTHER, MEAN, NASTY, LANKY AND TALL AND DARLING OLD SANTA, SO JOLLY AND FAT, WITH A LITTLE RED NOSE, AND FUR ON HIS HAT. --BUT ON WITH THE PLAY. (NOW OPEN THE CURTAIN)



"SEE NOW THE WIND BLOWS BROther! I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER BUZZARD BEFORE DARK." "DON'T WORRY, I HAVE HIDDEN SOME FOOD AND IF IT SNOWS WE WILL HAVE FOOD FOR ONE DAY AT LEAST."



"BUT STEPMOTHER WON'T ALLOW US TO EAT IT. SHE'LL BEAT US IF SHE FINDS YOU'VE HIDDEN HER FOOD." "I DON'T CARE. SHE'LL BEAT US ANYHOW IF WE'RE HUNGRY AND CRY."



OH BROTHER, I'M SO COLD AND HUNGRY, OH DEAR, HERE SHE COMES NOW.
"HERE, STAND NEAR ME, I'LL TALK TO HER."



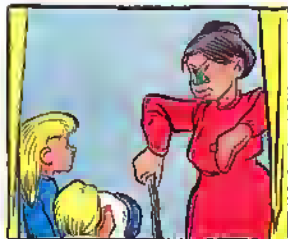
SOUNDS OF COUGHING (HACK, HACKET AND SNEEZING)
AS WICKED STEAKHOPPER COMES ON STAGE.....

"HA! I KNEW IT. COUGH, COUGH! LOOK AT THE FLOOR: YOU HAVEN'T CLEANED THE FLOOR!"



"NO, NO!"

"AND YOU, YOU LAZY WENCH! I'LL FIX YOU. WHERE'S MY SUPPER?"



"BUT WE HAVEN'T ANY **FOOD**! YOU KNOW WE HAVEN'T ANY FOOD."

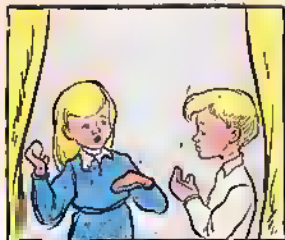
"THERE WERE **TWO** SLICES OF BREAD YESTERDAY. WHERE ARE THEY? WHERE **ARE** THEY?"



"WHERE ARE THEY?"



"NOW, GET ON YOUR FEET. YOU LAIN' LOAF! OR I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO CRY ABOUT! GET THE PAIL.. AND YOU! THE BRUSH! AND SEE THIS FLOOR'S DONE IN A RUSH. HEAT THE STOVE FOR ID LIKE SOME TEA, BUT **NOT** FOR YOU! NO, JUST FOR ME!"
(AND OFF SHE GOES)



THE CHILDREN ARE TERRIBLY FRIGHTENED.
 "OH NOW, WHATEVER WILL WE DO! THERE IS
 NO WATER TO HEAT! NO FUEL FOR THE STOVE
 AND THE BLIZZARD IS STARTING."
 "COME WITH ME. WE WILL FIND OUR WAY TO THE
 HOUSE OF THE FARMER. HE WILL NOT TURN US OUT."



SOAP FLAKES USED FOR SNOW START FALLING
 ON STAGE THROUGH THE DOOR. SOUNDS OF
 WIND HOWLING.



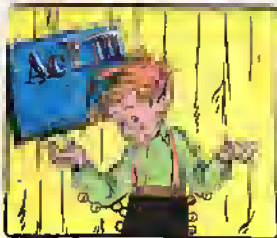
WELL, NOW YOU HAVE SEEN HOW THE WICKED
 STEPMOTHER BEAT AND STARVED THIS GIRL, AND
 HER BROTHER, AND MADE THEM RUN FROM THE
 HOUSE THROUGH THE WOODS,



"IN A BLIZZARD SO COLD THEY COULD DROP WHERE
 THEY STOOD. OUR NEXT SCENE TAKES PLACE
 LATER ON IN THE DAY, BUT ENOUGH OF THIS
 TALKING AND ON WITH THE PLAY....."



BOY AND GIRL WAIVERING AND FALLING SLOWLY ACROSS THE STAGE (SNOW FALLING
 LIGHTLY) WOLVES HOWLING IN BACKGROUND.
 "I CAN'T GO ON! (SOB, SOB) OH, I CAN'T GO ON. MY FEET ARE FROZEN."
 "WE MUST BE NEAR THE FARMER'S HOUSE NOW, IF YOU CAN ONLY WALK A FEW
 MORE STEPS PERHAPS WE CAN SEE THE HOUSE."
 "I CAN'T! I'M FALLING!" (NOW THE CURTAIN CLOSES.)



"THE SNOW HAS STOPPED FALLING, THE GROUND IS ALL WHITE, THE DAY TRAVELS ONWARD, IT SOON WILL BE NIGHT, AND NO ONE HAS FOUND THE POOR BABES IN THE WOOD, SO COLD - SO SLEEPY - SO HELPLESS - SO GOOD."



"AS THE CURTAIN IS OPENED, WE FIND THE CHILDREN ON THE STAGE ASLEEP COMPLETELY COVERED WITH SNOW. THERE IS NO SOUND FOR A MINUTE AND THEN A SOFT TINKLING OF BELLS DRAWING CLOSER AND CLOSER. THEN -"



"COME WITH ME, SANTA, I'VE FOUND A CLEARING!"
 "LOOK, NOTHING BUT SNOW AND TREES, NO CHILDREN!"
 "NOW LET ME SEE. I HEARD THE CHILDREN SAY THEY WERE GOING TO THE HOUSE OF THE FARMER."



"WELL, THE WIND WAS BLOWING AND THE SNOW WAS FALLING AND I COULDN'T HEAR VERY WELL."
 "THE FARMER'S HOUSE IS A MILE UP THE PATH - WE'LL SEARCH AGAIN."



"I'LL SIT HERE AND TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT THE MAP."

"OCHEN!"

"SANTA!"
 "CHILDREN!"



"OH, SANTA, WILL YOU HELP US ?"
 'PLEASE HELP ME !'



'NOW HOLD ON A MINUTE,
 JUST DON'T RUSH AWAY,
 A LOT OF STRANGE THINGS
 HAVE HAPPENED TODAY !



'YOUR WICKED STEPMOTHER
 KNEW NOT HOW TO COOK..
 IN GETTING SOME WATER,
 SHE FELL IN THE BROOK..
 IN LIGHTING THE FIRE
 SHE SPRIED A WEE MOUSE,
 AND THROWING THE MATCHES
 SHE BURNED DOWN THE HOUSE..
 IN RUNNING TO SAVE HERSELF
 SLEPT ON THE FLOOR..
 SO YOU'LL NEVER BE HEARING
 FROM HER ANYMORE.'



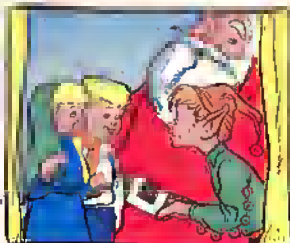
"WHERE WILL WE GO ?"
 'WHAT'LL WE DO ?'

★ WELL UP IN THE NORTH POLE
 I HAVE AN A SPOT -
 IT'S WARM WHEN YOU'RE INSIDE
 AND COLD WHEN YOU'RE NOT..
 IN OUR PANTRY ARE COOKIES AND
 JELLY AND JAM
 JUST MADE FOR A NICE LITTLE
 LADY AND MAN..
 THERE'S A BARN FOR MY REINDEER
 AND A WORKSHOP FOR TOYS
 BUT NO ONE TO USE THEM
 NO GIRLS AND NO BOYS.

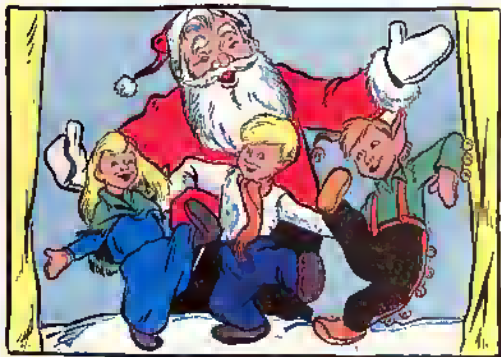
★ MY WIFE, MRS. CLAUS
 IS AS BUNNY AND ROUND
 WHEN SHE LAUGHS IT'S THE GAYEST
 AND MERRIEST SOUND..
 BUT THE ONLY THING NEEDED
 TO MAKE IT COMPLETE
 IS A LITTLE KATHRINA AND
 WILLIAM SO SWEET.'



"DO YOU MEAN?"
"WILL YOU?"

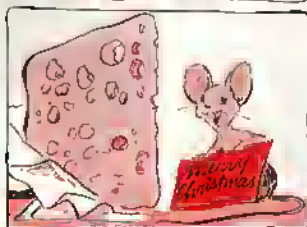
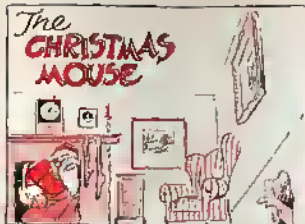


"YES, SANTA AND I WILL TAKE YOU
WITH US AND YOU'LL ALWAYS BE HAPPY."



"WE'RE OFF TO LIVE WITH SANTA CLAUS
AND MRS. CLAUS, HIS WIFE ---
AND TINY TINKLE BRIGHT AND GAY
WE'LL LIVE THERE ALL OUR LIFE.
OH, NO MORE TEARS AND NO MORE SIDS
OH, HAPPY? WE SHOULD SAY!
WE'RE OFF TO LIVE WITH SANTA CLAUS
THIS MERRY CHRISTMAS DAY."

The End
AND
Merrie Christmas



A vintage, slightly grainy illustration of Santa Claus. He has a large white beard, rosy cheeks, and is smiling. He is wearing a yellow tunic with a red belt and red shoes. He holds a large white rectangular sign with both hands. The sign contains the text "and now- Merry Christmas to ALL!" in a stylized green font. The background is a mottled green and yellow.

and now-
**Merry
Christmas
to
ALL!**